The Democrat.

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Poetical.

From the Louisville Journal.

TO A NEW FRIEND.

BY MARY NEAL.

But few short months, dear lady,
Have joined the regretful past;
But a few of our noble life friends
Have yielded to death's cold blast;
But a few bright flowers have withered,
And beneath the snow now bend,
Since far, far down in my heart depths
Thy name was written "friend."

What though in life's lovely morning
Our paths *did* lie apart,
We soon form a life acquaintance
When heart responds to heart.
What though by the ones that love *thee*
I never have been caressed?
We have each one of God's own angels
Upon our bosom pressed!

This, this is the link, sweet lady!
That binds my heart to thine;
For a sorrowing heart has ever
Met a warm response from mine.
But when Ratchel mourns her children,
Or the wild wood-dove her young,
The flood-tide of sympathy
Leaps up from heart to tongue!

O! I love the golden sunbeams
That light this broad green earth;
And I love a heart o'er flowing
With hope and joy and mirth;
But 'tis only when storm clouds gather
And when sorrows o'er us bend,
That we feel how bright is the sunlight,
Or how valued is a friend.

Dear Lady! not long I've known thee,
And soon we again may part;
But "whatever skies" bend o'er thee,
O! think there is one heart
That loves thee—not for the sunlight
That brightened other years:
But that both have drank from the same dark cup,
And shed the same bitter tears?

Miscellaneous

NETTA CLAY,

—OR THE—

MOTHERLESS GIRL.

BY ELLA FARMAN.

'I have no mother, for she died
When I was very young;
But her memory still around my heart,
Like morning mists has hung.

"Mamma, Netta has broken a salver full of coffee cups. I wish she could be punished for such carelessness, exclaimed Lena Clay, a richly dressed girl of sixteen summers, as she entered the parlor one morning.

"The careless thing!" said the beatiful Mrs. Clay. "I don't know what to do with her. It's an absolute waste to have her in the house."

"Clara," and the husband, a noble looking man, spoke sternly, "Clara," I cannot hear you speak thus of my child. She may be careless, but she is my child, remember. You should keep another servant girl if you wish the work done properly. Annetta is young and unaccustomed to work."

"Mr. Clay," and the wife's black eyes sparkled, "Mr. Clay, when I became your wife I supposed that I could manage the household as I chose. But I find I was quite mistaken. That ugly child of yours wishes to manage me and Lena both. She is perfectly disrespectful. No mother can see her only child thus treated. But you will not permit me to manage her at all, Mr. Clay, and I should be very grateful if you would do it yourself.

"I never saw a child act as Netta does," said Lena pettishly." "She acts very strange. I let her do the ironing last night and she came up about twelve, just as I came home from the party, and sat down on the floor and began to cry and make such a noise, so I just rose and gave her a whipping, which silenced her. Then she began to read in that old Bible, and I never can sleep with a light in the room.—She will have to sleep in the garret after this. But I punished her this morning," and the little imperious beauty laughed gaily.

During Lena's speech, Mr. Clay's eyes had flashed more than once, and he finished his breakfast in silence. As he left the room he said to himself, "I can endure this no longer; Clara is my wife, to be sure, but Annetta is also my child.

He paused at the kitchen door and well he might. Upon the cold, hard floor, with her golden head resting in a chair, lay his daughter Netta. She had been weeping for the traces of tears were on her colorless cheeks; but she was calm now, save the quick beating in the veins of he low, meek brow, and tremulous quivering of her sweet child ish lips. Her small hands reddened by toil, were carelessly clasped together, and a small red book lay amid the folds of her plain calico dress.

Netta sprang up affrighted as she heard the door pushed open, and her cheeks glowed crimson as she hid the book, in her pocket.—But as she saw it was her father, her cheeks paled again and the tears gushed into her eyes. A tear trembled in the fathers eye as he saw the worn features of the fair girlish face, and the thinness of the slender form attired in a coarse, ill-fitting costume. "Netta," said he kindly as he went up to her and laid his hand on that small head with its mass of golden curls, "Netta, are you sick?" A low moan was her only reply. Then he said again, "Netta my child, you are pale and sick. Tell me what is the matter"

Then the fair fragile girl looked up at him with those deep blue eyes half-veiled by drooping eye-lashes, those deep blue eyes so like those of her dead mother's which had so often uplifted to his. Then she wound her thin white arms about his neck, and said in a low trembling tone, "No, pappa, I don t think I'm sick but I am so weak that I can scarcely stand on my feet. Oh, pappa," and she sobbed bitterly.

After a moment's silence Mr. Clay said "Go up into one of the parlors and lie down on the lounge. Do as I tell you, Netta hereafter.

"Yes, papa," said Netta at the same time shivering with terror, "but don't tell me to go there! She will beat me if I do.

"Beat you, Netta! Who will beat you darling?" asked he tenderly.

Netta hesitated a moment and then said tremblingly—"They said they would beat me to death, even if I told you of it. But Mrs. Clay, mamma, I mean, and Lena whip me cruelly every day.'

"What for Netta?" said he in a calm tone, through his eyes flashed fiercely.

"I don't know, papa," she replied childishly; "yesterday I went into the parlor to look at my mamma's picture, and I stepped on an ottoman to see plainer, and then Miss Lena came in and boxed my ears hard; and told me to go out; and Miss Lena's mother came in and told me never to come up there again. But oh, I did want to see mamma's picture so bad, and before I thought I told Miss Lena it was my own papa's parlor, and that I had a better right there than she, and then they whipped me and shut me up in the cellar-closet."

The red blood rushed in a fiery tide to Mr. Clay's cheeks, but he restrained himself and said calmly, "You should have told me of this before, Netta."

"Don't blame me for it, papa," said Netta imploringly. "They would have killed me, and besides I didn't think you would care.—Miss Lena said you didn't care anything about me, now that you married her handsome mother. And I thought you didn't think papa, for you never come and talk with me as you used to. There hasn't been anybody to love me since mamma died, has there," and the blue eyes uplifted to his very earnest.

The father gazed mournfully down on the pale sweet child he held in his arms, and as he remembered all his neglect of her for two years, he almost shuddered. And in that moment of silence the image of his dead wife seemed to raise up from the far country grave in which he had laid her, and stand before him. And the dead blue eyes, just like those of the child, gazing up at him, had a saddened look lingering in their depths, and the dead lips wore a reproachful expression, and a spirit voice seemed to say in low upbraiding tones, "Hast thou forgotten the pale child I left as an only remembrance?" The father sighed as the sad vision faded away and he bore the pale little Netta up into one of the gorgeous parlors and laid her by the glowing fire on a pillowy lounge, where she could see a sweet, girlish face gleaming out of a frame—the face of her dead mother.

As Netta laid there in the luxurious stillness, the soft eyes in the picture seemed like angels eyes and the red lips wore a seraph smile, and the golden hair seemed like a crown of glory.

Albert Clay was only twenty-two when he married a gentle girl with winning ways.—Ten summers Annetta Lee blessed him with her love, and then faded from earth, leaving one little girl—Netta—to cheer his loneliness.

Two years he lived alone in his stately mansion with Netta and his widowed heart. But after a long communion with himself, he resolved to marry some lovely, amiable woman, to be a mother to his little girl who was ten years old. After carefully studying the character of his female acquaintances, he found none among them so gentle and amiable, so sympathising with him, the wealthy widower, so idolizing his motherless daughter, as the beautiful widow, Clara Arlington. And her only daughter—Miss Lena—a beautiful girl of fourteen, loved Netta so dearly,—always with her—oh, it was all so fascinating that the rich Mr. Clay married Mrs. Allington, and took her and Lena from their small cottage to his stately mansion.

For a few months the utmost deference was paid to Mr. Clay's slightest wishes, and little Netta was petted more than ever; she was always richly dressed and kept in the parlor's and when visitors paid fashionable calls, the beautiful Mrs. Clara would point to her and Lena and say—"My two darling daughters!" especialy when Mr. Clay was present. All went on as well as marriage bells, and Mr Clay congratulated himself on possessing sufficient sense to have selected such a wife from the multitudes of maidens, ladies and disconsolate widows, and scheming daughters who had crowded his path "thick as leaves in valambrose."

But after a while there began to be a change, Mrs. Clay and Lena did not always wear sweet smiles, and the intonation of their voices was not always the softest; and somehow Netta was not as joyous as she had been at first, her face was paler and sadder, and she was far more plainly dressed; and not so much in the parlors. Thus matters went on and Mr. Clay never saw his motherless girl save in the kitchen, and he seldom went there, his mind was so occupied by business cares and his beautiful bride, and for a long while he did not notice her absence. But when Clara and Lena both openly abused her, his fatherly feelings were touched, and the old love for his child awoke, and at last he saw his mistake in marrying, but two late. Yet he determined that they should not abuse the only child of his first wife.

It was a chilly, rainy day, and everything looked dismal and cheerless in the city. Clara and Lena sat in their rich boudoir where a blazing fire glowed redly in the grate made it warm and cozy. Netta was there, too, for Mr. Clay laid down strict orders, and they did not dare disobey them by sending her into the kitchen, and now she wore as costly robes as Miss Lena did, and was provided with books and teachers.

Netta was reading a richly bound book—Eliza Cook's Poems. For she in her loneliness had found a deep love for all that was beautiful, and poetry to her was as stars are to mariners far out on the pathless sea. Netta had altered much in two months. There was a soft light in her eye a rosy flush on her cheek, and the wearied toil worn look had vanished; but the smile on her lips was always sad.

Mrs. Clay in a brocade dressing robe, was lying on a sofa, reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and weeping over the misfortunes of Eliza for Mrs. Clay had one of those peculiarly formed heads which could sympathize with all popular sorrow.

Lena sat in a richly cushioned rocking chair busy with her patterns, zepher worsted and velvets.

But she soon threw them down, pettishly exclaiming. "There, I can do nothing more until I have two more skeins of that particular scarlet and two more of that light azure.—What shall I do? I ought to finish it for the Ladies' Fair."

"I don't know what you will do. Where did you select?" asked the mother, looking up from her reading.

At one of the further shops on Broadway," replied Lena. "I must have some more immediately some way."

"You will have to go, Annetta," said Mrs. Clay, "the girls are all busy down stairs and cannot be spared, and Lena's health is too delicate to think of going out in such stormy weather, and the worsted must be had immediately."

Netta shuddered as she shut her entrancing book and looked out on the cheerless street, and up at the leaden sky from which the rain came steadily down, and not one lady pedestrian to be seen on the street. "Ah, it rains so fast and it will be such hard walking, mother," replied she.

"Nonsense, it is nothing for a stout healthy girl like you," said Mrs. Clay, without looking from her book.

"Why not wait till papa comes home; he will get them for you," said Netta pleadingly.

"You indolent thing!" exclaimed Lena imperiously. "Go get them quick, I cannot wait till night. Don't sit there hesitating.

Netta cast a shivering glance at the stormy sky—but she knew it would be useless to remonstrate for her father was not there. As she arose, Mrs. Clay handed her a thin brocha shawl and a common bonnet. Netta glanced at them and said, "oh, don't send me out so thinly clad. It is very cold, let me wear my cloak."

"Hush, girl," imperiously said Mrs. Clay, to humor you would take half my husband's income."

"I wonder papa does half so much for you as he does," said Lena.

"He is my own papa," said Netta, "and he loves me as much as he does those he shelters beneath his roof."

"Mrs. Clay sprung to her feet in a passion, exclaiming, "You saucy thing! How dare you speak disrespectful of me or Lena! Go on your errand immediately;" and the thinly clad motherless girl was sent out in the rain to perform a trifling errand, which required her to go to the other end of Broadway, and the step mother and step-sister sat on a luxurious boudoir, reveling in sumptuous elegance.

Mr. Clay passed out of his rich store on Broadway, and walked hastily along the pavement, thickly and warmly clad in his heavy over-coat and fur cap, a large umbrella shielding him from the blinding sleet and rain. As he passed a lofty dwelling with high marble steps, he heard a moan strangely low and plaintive, and he murmured—some poor beggar girl, I suppose; pity for a girl out in this storm.

Then low moans and sobs rose up and fell on his ears. He stood irresolute. The wind blew the rain and sleet harshly in his face.—He thought of the warm, pleasant sitting room at home, with its soft carpet and crimson curtains and velvet lounges and cushioned rocking chairs. He thought of the warm kiss with which Netta would meet him. Then like starting voices bidding him to turn back, came those plaintive moans, and in a moment he stood by the marble steps of the lofty dwelling.

The girl was half sheltered by an umbrella, beneath it he caught a bright gleam of gorgeous cashmere. Who could lie moaning on those marble steps robed in such rich material? He hastily threw the umbrella from the clasp of the red, stiffened fingers; but the girl, a slender thing, lay with her face down on the cold white marble. She did not see the man by her side, but moaned on, and Mr. Clay could hear a faint childish voice saying—"Oh, papa come and take me home; I shall die here, in this cold rain."

Oh, why in those low, touching tones was there a familiar sound, a household tone that thrilled Albert Clay's heart with a vague, indistinct sense of pain? In a moment the shivering childish form was clasped in his arms. Then the pale, wet face, with its faint, white features met his gaze. It was his own daughter Netta! For a moment all was dim before his eyes, and the strong man sank faintly on the marble steps where his child had lain in agony. Then he saw the parcel of worsted lying on the pavement, and he comprehended it all, and he was nerved again. As he clasped Netta to his heart she opened her blue eyes on him and as they rested on the saddened face bending tenderly over her, she murmured faintly—"Is it you, papa? Oh, I am glad that you have come to take me home. Take me home to mama—my angel mamma," and a tiny arm was clasped timidly about his neck, and a golden head rested confidingly in his bosom. Netta was unconscious

Then the father went on, merely pausing to order a physician. He hastily went up the steps of his mansion, entered without ringing, and with his heavy overshoes and dripping hat, he entered his wife's rich boudoir and laid Netta on a sofa.

Lena and Mrs. Clay grew icy pale. They saw a pall foiding tightly around their future. "Here is a specimen of your love towards my child. See your work, you heartless, cruel woman," said he sternly, as he glanced for the first time upon them.

The doctor came at last. Netta fell into a quiet slumber, which soon changed into a broken, troubled slumber, and her cheeks began to glow with the crimson light of fever heat.—

At intervals she awoke, muttering incoherent sentences. And at the red light of dawn she was raving in delirium All day through that hushed, darkened chamber rang Netta's voice—pleading at times, then in frightful tones like those of a wounded bird; then softened down to a cadence low and mild as the flow of still waters. Then she would moan again, and her earnest voice would be heard.—"Oh, mother, it is so cold, and the shawl is very thin, let me wear my cloak." Then she would sob with outstretched arms, "Oh, papa come and take me home. The wind blows and it rains very hard. Come after me, my own papa, I can go no farther."

The mystic hour of midnight had come with its mysterious solemnity. Within Mr. Clay's mansion all was hushed. There was no light burning save in the chamber of the dying Netta.

Netta was calmly sleeping. The hectic glow that had flushed her cheek had utterly died away, and it was as snowy white as the pillow on which it rested. Her eyes were shut and her golden curls lay in beautiful confusion over the pillows and her tiny hands were clasped above her head. The fathers trembling finger's lay on the pulse of one small wrist, and the doctor's on the other. "Can she live, doctor?" eagerly asked the father.

"She is waking now," said the doctor.

Slowly the large blue eyes unclosed, their light was as serene as the azure of an unclouded summer sky, and as they sought her father, a seraphic smile wreathed her lips, and the childish face shone as if angel wings were shadowing it with their divine presence. Then she said, "I have been away, haven't I, papa?"

"No, Netta," was the reply, "you have been on the bed, and your own papa has been watching beside you."

"But I have been away," she said earnestly, "It was a very bright beautiful place, where I heard sweet, low voices, and they whispered to me that it was the city of Light, where there never was any clouds or storms, and there was a long, wide, golden river there, a river of flowing gold, and beautiful trees rose by it and voices, sweet as the flow of the river's waves whispered that they were the trees of Life.—And I saw the angels, papa, and they wore white, and they had crowns of sunlight and golden harps, with which they made music.—And I saw mamma, and she asked me to come and live in the city of Light with her. I may go, may I not, papa?" Earth is dark with clouds and cold with storms. You will not bid me stay, will you? The city is warm and bright forever, papa," and Netta's eyes were gloriously bright, and her face glowed with an unearthly beauty, and strength was hers even as if angel arms upheld her.

Then Doctor P——whispered—"It is the wonderous beauty of death."

As if all earthly sounds were hushed, the father gazed upon his child and murmured, "It is the angel beauty. Heaven's gates are opening, and the glorious light bursts out in brilliant floods, shining down upon my child, lighting up the Valley and Shadow of Death." Then earth thoughts came, and bending over and kissing Netta's half departed lips, he said, "Is the city so beautiful that Netta must needs go away and leave papa amid the cold tempests of earth?"

Then Netta's arms folded him in soft embrace, and she said, "Papa I must go. The angels are unfurling their wings for flight, and they whisper, "Netta, come," I must go papa; mamma is beckoning and I must not linger. Do you not hear the rustling of the angel's wings that are to bear me away. Mama is by the gate—good bye, papa, papa," and the little golden head dropped on his bosom, the intensely brilliant eyes shut, the long lashes lay motionless on the marble cheeks and the arms loosened their clasp about the father's neck.

Netta was dead. In the mysterious midnight the meek spirit of the motherless girl flew up from the dim stormy earth, and the angels with starry wings bore her through the Eden gates in the city of light, and she shall go no more out forever.

That night Mr. Clay spoke stern words to Clara and Lena, and sent them back to their old home; and soon a divorce would part them forever. And those guilty ones, upon whose soul the blood of the Motherless Girl rested, could not complain for the judgment was just.

The next day tender, careful hands robed Netta in spotless white, and strewed pale, scented blossoms and green leaves in her coffin, and after a holy sermon the lone father bore her away from the noisy, dusty city, into the green, blooming country, and buried her by her mother's grave, planted a moss rose by the white marble slab on which the inscription is:

NETTA CLAY.
AGED TWELVE YEARS,
WE LOVED HER AND SHE DIED.

He wet the sod with tears, and ere the flowers of another summer lit up earth with their colored radiance, he was away in the distant west.

His Netta sleeps there in the quiet country grave and the blue birds sing in the locust above her grave; and the moss rose blooms on the green sods which lay on her coffin, the golden sunlight sleeps in its pink blossoms, the brook's quiet water gush near her, and the mournful cadences hum a low dirge for the Motherless Girl who sleeps on its shores.

But all, all must Die!

The season of flowers is beginning to open in this northern climate, and who is not fond of their quiet beauty and sweet fragrance?—The early springs brings forth the modest wild flowers of the hill-side, which blooms for its season, and fades and withers away, and gives place to its successors, and it to another and another, until the close of the series, each succession, in its day, is equally perfect in form nd beauty, and tint and fragrance, according to its nature and race—all equally displaying the wonderful perfection of that Almighty power which has created all things, from the world we inhabit to the rose and violet.

How strikingly emblematic of human life are the flowers of the garden and the field! One is low, modest and simple; another is towering, gaudy, and ostentatious. One is delicate in tint and rich in fragrance; another is glowing in colors but wholly scentless.—One is hardy and enduring under any stage of the seasons; another is delicate and sensitive, and shrinks from the shade and withers at the touch. Yet all spring up and bloom, and fade and die, some in one stage of existence and some in another. So with human life. The shades and casts of character are as various as the tints and fragrance of the flowers, and all fade and die—some in infancy, some in the budding seasons of youth, some in mature life, and some by the frosts of age; but all, all die, and, as with flowers, the autumn and winter of years close the series with one generation to make room for another. SILAS WRIGHT.

To his niece, 13 years old.

A Love Letter.

The following letter was written by a British officer, during the Revolution, to an American lady:

"Do I love thee? Oh, dearest, the beam of thine eye is the light of my life. I *worship* thee. Thy smile is the joy of my existence—thy voice the music of my soul. When thy hand lies in mine, and thy breath is upon my cheek, every nerve vibrates with ecstasy, and the deep pulsation of thy bosom thrills mine with a responsive devotion that absorbs my whole being.

"I would have thee as pure as an angel that I might embrace thy image in my heart and bow before it as the idol of all my joy and hope, while thy enduring and full affection should elevate and sanctify my adoration until it transcended human sentiment, and partook of the holy love symbolized in the flowers of paradise at the dawn of creation.

"This, the world will call frenzy, half lucination—let the world call it what it may—it is a spell I would not have broken for all else the world can give.

"Then love me, dear, with all thy strength with all thy truth, with all thy constancy, forever more—in pleasure and in sadness—and when the earth is closed over me, let thy love pierce the cold turf and unite with a spirit that lingers to join thine in its flight to realms of eternal bliss."

THE CRAFT.—One of the most economical "*Jour.*" printer we ever saw, was one who had not room in the line to spell out the name of "Jesus Christ" in full, but in order to save trouble condensed the title thus—"*J Chirst.*" There was *brevity* in it, indeed, but not much "wit." We suppose it was more the result of lazsness than irreverance, although "jour." printers, as a class, don't lay much claim to "piety."

☞A young man and a female once stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the family, who commenced a conversation with the female by enquiring how far she had travelled. 'Traveled!' exclaimed the stranger somewhat indignantl, 'we didn't travel—we *rid*!'

☞An editor in Ohio thus writes to his subscriber. "We hope our friends will overlook our irregularities for the past two weeks. We are now permantly located in the county jail: with sufficient force to insure the regular issue of our paper for the future.'

Non-Suiting a Creditor.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago, the only one in those "diggings" then and for ought I know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising, in the limb of the law, averse to incur litigation. One day a client came in to him in a violent rage.

"Look a here, Squire," said he, "that are blasted shoemaker down to the Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"Oh yes.'

"Well, then, you owe him the money honestly!"

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why' cause the—blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of his money if I kin."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't care for that."

"How much do you want to go on with?"

"Oh, ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's an X, so go ahead," and the client went on very well satisfied with the beginning. Our lawyer next day called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against M——.

"Why," said he, "I knew he was able to pay, and I was determined to make him.—That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you, I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings—but I think you had better take these five dollars and call it square."

"Certain, squire—if you say so, and glad to git it," was the answer. So the lawyer forked over the V and kept the other.

In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly," cried the lawyer, "we've non-suited him! He'll never trouble you."

"Jerusalem! that's great! I'd rather gin fifty dollars than had him got the money for them boots."—Spirit of the Times.

Three Things.

Three things that never become rusty: The money of the benevolent, the shoes on a butcher's horse, and a fretful tongue.

Three things not easily done: To allay thirst with fire, to dry the wet with water, to please all in everything that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best: Brown bread in famine, well water in thirst, and a great coat in winter

Three things as good as their better: Dirty water to extinguish fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three things that seldom agree: Two cats over one mouse, two scolding wives in one house, and two lovers of the same maiden.

Three things of a short continuance: A boy's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home: The cat, the chimney, and the housewife.

Three essentials to a false story teller: A good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

Three things seen in the peacock: The garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things that are unwise to boast of:—The flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house: A smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

A Boston Liquor Trial.

A man named Parker was tried in Boston, a few days ago, for violating the Maine Liquor Law, when a witness testified in this wise:

"Have you drank anything at Mr. Parker's within the last month?"

"Yes, water."

"Have you drank anything else?"

"Yes."

"Any rum, or brandy, or gin?"

"No."

"What did you drink?"

"I don't know."

"What did you call for?"

"I called for Frank Pierce."

"Did you get it?"

"I did."

"What did it look like?"

"It looked like Frank Pierce."

"What did it smell like?"

"It smelt like Frank Pierce."

"What did it taste like?"

"It tasted like Frank Pierce."

"Mr. Witness, on your oath, what do you believe you drank?"

"I believe I drank Frank Pierce."

Amid a general explosion, in which the Court and jury and bar joined, the District Attorney said to his assistant, "Mr. Horner, pay this man's witness fee, and let him go;" and he went.

The Wedding.

You were there, dear reader. You remember all the circumstances of the occasion. It was not now or then, here nor there; it was neither my wedding nor your own; but that of some young friends who had been drawn by the cords of love and the prospects and promises of the future, to take each other "for better or for worse." They stood together to take the oath of fealty, and pledge to each other a mutual love and care, until death divide. The twain were made one after the form of human law, as they had long been by the higher law of their own hearts. The strong man, in the vigor of his years, pledges the best energies of his being to sustain and defend the trusting woman, who offers him in return the wealth of of her unsullied affections. From all our hearts goes up the involuntary prayer "God bless you." Go try the paths of life together, remembering that it is not joys alone that will enter in the common stock of your life partnership. To divide the burdens of our human condition and to scatter light upon the clouds of each other's sky, is the higher and holier mission of such as you are now. God bless you, too, sorrowful, yet rejoicing mother, while you give to another the glad heart which so long has nestled near to yours.

CHILDHOOD.—Oh, childhood! how pleasant are thy day-dreams! how pure how delightful thy enjoyments! We look back upon thee with pleasure, for our happiest hours were associated with thee; and yet we sometimes sigh while memory busily retrospects the past because those peaceful hour have fled forever.

☞Pieces of red paper, cut in the shape of a triangle, were seen lying in the streets, in different parts of the city at Louisville, on the morning of the late election. They are emblems of the order, and when a member sees them he is called upon by his oath as a Know Nothing, to arm himself, and rush to the aid of his bretheren, and assist them in acts of arson and murder.

Pen, Paste & Scissors.

☞When day broke what became of the pieces?

☞Some lazy fellow spells Tennessee after this fashion—10ac.

☞Be the same to your friends both in prosperity and adversity.

☞The fellow who "cracked a joke" has sent it to be repaired.

☞He that loses his conscience has nothing left worth keeping.

☞What kind of a docter would a duck make? A quack doctor.

☞At Indianapolis they have a dancing school kept by Mr. and Mrs. Shanks.

☞Why would tying a horse to a post seem to improve his pace? Because it would make him fast.

☞The old bachelor who had been waiting for the "lapse of ages" has finally tried the laps of young ladies, and is quite pleased with the result.

CURE FOR LOVE.—Hide in a closet and listen to a conversation between a couple who have been married a year, while they think themselves unheard.

☞A well known gent having been arrested for stealing a gold watch, gave as an excuse that he was unwell, and the doctor advised him to 'take something.

TOO LATE.—'My dear sir,' said a candidate accosting a sturdy wag on the day of election, 'I'm very glad to see you The wag replied, 'You needn't be—I've,' voted.

☞A bachelor the other morning remarked that wives who use the needle are like the enemy spoken of in the parable—they *sew tares* while the husbandman sleeps.

☞An old divine said to a young preacher, who had just preached a sermon of the intensely horrible order. 'You are too flowery, and your flowers are the flowers of sulphur."

☞A parson reading funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emeralder, 'Is this a brother or sister?' 'Neither,' replied Pat 'only a cousin.'

☞'Sam, why am your head like de moon?' 'I'se give dat up, chile I prognesticate.' 'Because it is supposed to be inhabited. Yah, yah! Sam turned up the white of his eyes and scratched his—wool!

☞A learned Judge, after hearing a florid discourse from an ambitious young lawer, advised him to pluck some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them in the tail of his judgment.

☞A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said, 'In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf.' 'Very likely,' replied a lady; "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

☞It is currently reported that there is an editor in Boston who shaves every morning, puts on three clean shirts a week, wears good hats, and wears his boots always blacked! It is evident that the man is insane.

☞A stranger was passing a house where there was evidently a funeral, a coffin sitting near the door. Perceiving an honest son of Erin hard by, he inquired who was dead.—"Well, sure an' I'm not positive," says Pat, "but I believe it's the jintleman in the coffin."

☞Don't attempt too much. Knives that contain 90 blades, 40 cork screws, and a boot jack, are very seldom brought in to action; and for this reason, in attempting too much they have become so clumsy and ponderous that men of small patience can't "get the hang" of them.

☞A lovesick young man is a pitiable object. His ideas are centered upon ringlets, blue eyes, spotted muslins and such like dangerous attractions. Rents, marketing, doctor's bills and other incidentals to matrimony never enter his head.

☞In the year 1784 the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to abolish a practice then prevailing, passed the following resolutions, after considerable opposition. That hereafter no member, shall come into the chamber barefooted, nor eat his bread and cheese on the steps of the Capitol.

☞A lady said to a gentleman who had accompanied her and her sister to church.—"Why, it rains—send and get an umbrella."

"Why," said the beau, "you are neither sugar nor salt, rain will not hurt you."

"No," said the lady, "but we are lasses."

He sent for one immediately.

☞"It's quite too bad of ye Darby, to say your wife is worse than the devil.' 'And plaze your riverence, I can prove it by the Holy Scripture—I can, be the powers of mud! Didn't your riverence, in a sermin yesterday, tell us that if we resisted the devil he'd flee from us? Now, if I resist my wife she flies at me!'

☞One of the townsmen meeting with one of the strolling organs players, was inclined to engage in conversation with him and asked him:

'What part in the grand drama of life do you perform?'

'I mind my own business,' was the brief and pointed reply.

☞'Ma,' said a young miss to her mother the other day, 'what is emigrating?'

'Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to California.'

'What is colonization, ma!'

Colonization, dear, is marrying there and having a family.'

'Ma, I should like to go to California.'

☞"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?" "Do?" replied Pat, "an' may it plaze yer honor, I walked bouldly up to one of the inimy and cut off his fut.." "Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general. "Ah, an' faith, that was off already," said Pat.

☞A young lady from the country being invited to a party, was told by her city cousin to fix up, and put her best foot foremost, in order to catch a beau—'she looked so green in her country attire.'

The country damsel, looked comically into the face of her rather faded relative and replied—

"Better green than withered.'